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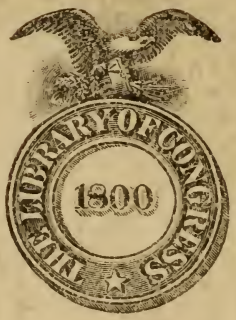
1920

JUST YOU

Elizabeth Gordon



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Just You

By

Elizabeth Gordon

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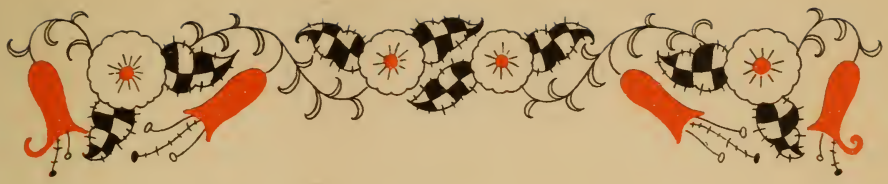
A sunny day in early
June,
Made bright by recent
rain,
Some happy children in
a field
Weaving a daisy chain,
A wallet with a crust of
bread,
The sky above me blue,
The good brown road beneath
my feet
And close beside me —
You.

A meadow smiling in
the sun,
Cows knee deep in the
stream,
An elm tree waving in
the wind,
A silvery birch's gleam,
A long white road, a rustic
bridge,
A brooklet gliding through,
And with the sunlight o
your hair,
Coming toward me —
You.

A high old wall of
ancient make,
With ivy overgrown,
A fountain sparkling in
the sun,
Carven from gray old
stone;
Gay beds of pinks and
hollyhocks,
The kind my mother grew,
Some humming-birds and
butterflies,
A climbing rose and—
You.



A stately house of good
gray stone,
To face the rising sun,
A wide old porch where
one might rest,
When the day's work
was done;
Dark polished floors, deep
window sills,
A wide hall running
through,
A red tiled roof to shelter me,
And underneath it —
You.

A shelf of books, a bit
of blue
Old china, fine and rare,
A faded Persian rug
across
A deep old leather
chair;
A shaded lamp, some
cloisonne,
A magazine or two,
And, if the gods would
grant so much,
An open fire and ~
You

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